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Builder.

"I'm tired of this ; to business I
My time cannot devote ;
There's nothing here to build with—I
Am waiting for a boat."

Tailor.

"I can't get stuff of any kind
Enough to make a coat ;
My customers are all in rags—
I'm waiting for a boat."

Liquor-seller.

"My liquor I can't recommend,
I know it scalds the throat ;
Folks swear I'm selling 'poison'—but
I'm waiting for a boat."

Lawyer.

"I'll lose that case unless I've the
Authority to quote ;
My library has not arrived—
I'm waiting for a boat."

Doctor.

"That patient I must try to save—
If I'd some antidote
I think that I could cure him—but
I'm waiting for a boat."

Missionary.

"I left my home to aid the church,
The Christian cause promote,
But Bibles here are very scarce—
I'm waiting for a boat."

Politician.

"My county I must represent.
If I can get the vote—
(There's no inhabitants there yet)
I'm waiting for a boat."

Town Proprietor.

"My 'site' might soon be settled, and
Become a place of note,
If emigrants could get there—I
Am waiting for a boat."

Lone Husband.

"I hope my wife will soon get here,
Its six weeks since she wrote—
Why don't she take the stage, instead
Of waiting for the boat?"

Thus, where Missouri's shallow tide
No tribulations bloat,
Those anxious men with folded arms
Were waiting for a boat.

But even now the shrill whistle pierces our ear. Behold the effect! Not a man but rushed to the river to convince his eyes that his ears have not deceived him. Even so we ; but we steal a glance backward at the magnificent sunset crowning Capitol Hill ; and confusedly wonder how long our painters will continue to import "Italian Sunsets."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



THE appearance of "Trelawney's Recollections of Byron and Shelley," recalls these two great hearts most vividly to mind, since it was Trelawney's fortune to be present at the

last sad rites of both dead poets—the one at Missolonghi, in Greece, and the other on the sands of the bay of Naples, whose waters washed ashore the precious body which they had engulfed. It is over the memory of the last that we most reverently dwell. Byron linked so much that is bad with his greatness that we find fewer regrets for his loss ; but for his brother poet, too early lost, there is a tear and a sigh, even now, when so many years have passed since the cremation on the shores of the Bay.

One of those great spirits whose divine illumination would have contributed most gloriously to the flood of light being poured upon the nineteenth century, was forever extinguished upon earth when the boat which held SHELLEY went down in the storm. Oh! wild, ungovernable elements, why did you seize upon him who was your lover and impassioned admirer, and snatch him from us before the majestic mind within him had grown to its full maturity? Almost we might dream over again as a reality, the myth of ILYLOS and the nymphs of the Leamander, who for love of him, dragged him down to their watery palaces. The sea-maidens may have sought to retain him, but they could not have even his body, and the sacrifice was in vain. Humanity might bitterly bewail his loss, for if ever it had a true and fearless friend, it had it in him ; and now it will always remain impossible to compute the loss it suffered since its youthful poet and champion perished, "with all his imperfections on his head" and all the glow of genius in his heart. And still more is his early fate to be deeply regretted, since in the heat and passion of his untamed enthusiasm he did and said many things, which in his riper years he would doubtless have retracted, and which now by their baleful influence, somewhat dim the radiant light of one of the brightest stars that ever arose

in the heaven of poesy. "Oh! that SHELLEY had lived ten years or twenty years longer!" we sigh, as with beating heart and strange elevation of thought and enthusiasm, we drink in the essence of his impassioned spirit, and yet occasionally shrink from the excesses into which his very virtues carried him. He felt so deeply, so painfully, so generously, that he sought to do too much—to effect too sudden changes in the world which he saw rushing blindly into many miseries. If he had lived to temper his genius with more discretion, who shall say what his influence for good must have been? His poetry is as tender, glowing and sweet as if he were all poetry, and yet his philosophy is equal to it. He had an almost Christ-like love of Humanity, and wish to serve it ; his piercing vision could not but detect the evils and bigotries which were the chief causes of its misfortunes, and he fell into the mistake of accusing the inaccusable Majesty for the perversions which man alone was guilty of. It is no wonder that a gentle and sensitive soul like his, contemplating the cruelties and atrocities which have marked every shape of religious fanaticism throughout the ages, should, in the first impetuosity of its judgment, condemn all religions alike. CHRIST came into the world and preached the doctrines of love, forgiveness and self-sacrifice, the very spirit of which animated the bosom of SHELLEY, and therefore he was a Christian unknown to himself ; but he forgot the doctrine preached, and looked at its results in the burning of heretics, the tortures of the Inquisition, and the fearful fanaticism of the Crusaders who bore the cross to the east and west, only as the signal of plunder, murder and inhuman rapine and cruelty. Striving to think clearly into the secret of this great problem, indignation overtook him too suddenly, and blinded eyes which might have gazed unfalteringly upon the noonday sun of truth. Yet we believe that in a few more years he would have shaken off the film and gazed with undaunted vision into the heart of life, and told us in convincing words of beauty what he saw and knew. It is enough to condemn, to the prejudiced and cowardly, all the magnificent truths which he did utter in the ears of his fellow men, that he made some mistakes. It is enough for them to assert that he was a 'pantheist,' and immediately their ears and eyes are closed to the wonderful worship and pean of praise which breathe

from every page of his utterance. Would that the cold and hollow-hearted observers of formulas, could feel a hundredth part of his exalted love for the great and only God, and they would be both safe and happy. Yet SHELLEY himself scarce knew what he worshiped, because he would not call it by a name which had been so desecrated. 'Pantheism,' says COUSIN, 'is the bugbear of the present age.' It is a bugbear which stands in the way of the appreciation of the great humanitarian principles which SHELLEY loved. The following passage from "Queen Mab" sounds wonderfully like Pantheism; and yet we must take it in connection with all the other things he says, and we will find that although he refused to call the spirit of the universe God, he acknowledged a spirit very different from the soulless one of Pantheism:

"There is no God!

Nature confirms the faith—his death-groan sealed:

Let heaven and earth, let man's revolving race,
His ceaseless generations tell their tale;
Let every part appending on the chain
That links it to the whole, point to the hand
That grasps its term! Let every seed that falls,
In silent eloquence unfold its store
Of argument; infinity within,
Infinity without, belie creation:
The interminable spirit it contains
Is nature's only God."

In the "Revolt of Islam," we have an experience after death which would seem to acknowledge this God as something beside the blind working of nature within herself:

"And ever as we sailed, our minds were full
Of love and wisdom, which would overflow
In converse wild and sweet and wonderful;
And in quick smiles whose light would come
and go

Like music o'er wide waves, and in the flow
Of sudden tears and in the mute caress—
For a deep shade was cleft, and we did know
That virtue, though obscured on Earth, not less
Survives all mortal change in lasting loneliness.

* * * * *

"Motionless resting on the lake awhile,
I saw its marge of snow-bright mountains rear
Their peaks aloft, I saw each radiant isle,
And in the midst, afar, even like a sphere
Hung in one hollow sky, did there appear
The temple of the Spirit; on the sound
Which issued thence, drawn nearer and more
near,

Like the swift moon the glorious world around,
The charmed boat approached, and there its
haven found."

The poem from which these extracts are taken, is not generally mentioned as

among his best; but we regard it as his master-piece, always excepting Queen Mab, and to the general heart it would have a deeper interest even, than that poem, because of so much of the tenderness and passion of young love being mingled with it. No one can read these productions without doing SHELLEY the justice to feel that he was inspired by the very noblest impulse that the human soul is ever actuated by. Therefore we forgive his errors. And more, we know, by the very constitution of his being, that he *must* have soon become what his nature pre-eminently fitted him to be, the disciple and adorer of the All-Father, whose love he felt interpreting his soul, but whom he refused to recognize as his Father, because men had thrown the burden of their selfishness upon Him. He saw far enough to doubt, and had not yet reached the serene heights where the Past lies revealed in the light of the Future.

Again: the young poet was unfortunate in his own life, in setting an example of the reforms he approved. Emancipated by the power of his wonderful genius from the chains of custom and superstition which bind the less favored, he was not patient enough in waiting for that better time which can only come with slow, almost imperceptible steps. He was imbued with the spirit of freedom; he forgot that man cannot be free until he is pure, for it is his own weakness which binds his fetters. He felt for himself the right to exercise the liberty which purity gives, and hoped too much from the effect upon mankind of removing all self-imposed or government-enacted laws. It was safe for his conscience to be a law unto itself, and therefore he judged better of his fellow-men than they could as yet deserve. When he wrote an essay against marriage, and dared to assert that "chastity is a monkish and evangelical institution, a greater foe to natural temperance even than unintellectual sensuality; it strikes at the root of all domestic happiness, and consigns more than half the human race to misery, that some few may monopolize according to law," he meant to give no license to unholy passions, but to correct intemperance by allowing those persons to come together who are fitted best to make each other happy. No person, not carried away by unreasonable enthusiasm, could advocate such a step as the abolition of marriage, as society is now constituted, and the human heart now is; but we ought

not to scorn or harshly condemn a philosophy arising from too high a view of human nature. Every fibre of SHELLEY's being was opposed to slavery in religion, law and morals, and he imagined that perfect freedom would beget perfect purity. The aspirations of such a soul ought to meet only with our admiration, for if the world had advanced farther, he would have been true and pure in his philosophy. He sought, in his own life, to fulfill the principles which formed his religion. In separating from his first wife and choosing a more genial companion in MARY WORTSCROFT, he did what seemed to himself right and good. His friends must eternally regret that he took a step like that, because he fatally injured the happiness of another: and if he made a mistake in marrying at first, he was not then fully at liberty to rectify it. If he had forever remained unmarried according to worldly forms, the matter would have rested between himself and his God. In judging of his deeds, we must not forget his *motives*, nor the ideal of perfection he had in view, nor what he hoped for, as imaged in these beautiful lines, as well as in many others equally beautiful and aspiring:

"O happy Earth, reality of Heaven!

Genius has seen thee in her passion'd dreams,
And drew forebodings of thy loveliness
Haunting the human heart. Love there entwined
Those rooted hopes of some sweet place of bliss,
Where friends and lovers meet to part no more.
Thou art the end of all desires and will,
The product of all action; and the souls
That by the paths of our aspiring change
Have reached thy haven of perpetual peace,
There rest from the eternity of toil
That framed the fabric of thy perfectness."

The flight of the Fairy and the Spirit through the universe in "Queen Mab," is, to our feeling, as sublime as any thing in "Paradise Lost." We think the music of rhyme adds a charm to almost all poetry, but in this singular production the remotest yearnings of the imagination are more than satisfied, and the soul, replete with its splendor and unique melody, is conscious of a music beyond art or expectation. One cannot speak of the poetry of SHELLEY without speaking of his peculiar sentiments which imbue it as fully as the fragrance pervades the blossom; nor can one read the blushing aspirations which arise from his mind like dew all sparkling and perfumed in the light and heat of the morning, without a glow of kindred exultation, nor without admiring and reverencing his magnificent genius, while we deplore

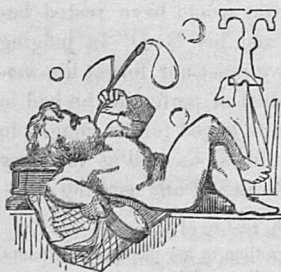
the few faults into which it led him, as we would the faults of a tenderly beloved friend.

He is the rival of Keats in warmth and beauty of feeling and sweetness of fancy, as he is the rival of any poet of any age in sublimity of thought; he paints the immensity of worlds with as much ease as he does the tender and graceful Sensitive Plant.

A "DOTHE"-GIRL "HALL" IN THE UNITED STATES.*

"Let the mad poets say whate'er they please
Of the sweets of fairies, peris, goddesses:
There's not such a treat among them all,
Haunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall,
As a real woman, lineal indeed,
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed."

KEATS.



HERE is a Female Seminary located not more than a thousand miles from our good isle of Manhattan, where, in addition to "short commons" traditionally customary in nurseries for young ideas, they now and then indulge in punishments worthy of those "good old times," the age of the rack, thumb-screw, flesh-nippers, &c.

A while ago a friend of ours sent a package of cough-candy to a young rosebud (a relative of his) at — Seminary. The "Squeers"-like Superior of the School happened to see the packet when it arrived. Deaf to all tearful assertions *au contraire*, she insisted upon it, that Rosalie only coughed to attract the attention of visitors on "reception days!" and having a *forty-virgin* horror of the *genus man*, this female *Rhadamanthus* conducted her innocent pupil to the cellar, and turned the key upon her.

By this cellar flows a deep and rapid river, separated by a wall of stone of no great thickness. Through the interstices many a predatory rat was wont to insinuate himself, and prey on the fat things the ancient virgins regaled themselves with o' winter nights when their "dear pupils" had sought their couches.

Our friend was young, but Puritan blood of Plymouth stock flowed in her veins. Rats came, spiders were around, and many creeping things. Undismayed and fearless, she sang with all the freshness of a lark seeking the empyrean of a June morn, her bird-like voice resounding through her gloomy prison, and rat, spider, and crawling things were alike under her spell. The myth of *Orpheus* found again

"A local habitation and a name."

While thus trilling, and wandering through the capacious cellar, she espied a goodly appearing barrel; she oped the lid, and lo! it was filled with beautiful *love-apples*, which the "dear pupils" never tasted. A bright thought struck her. She had, of course, in her pocket, woman's powerful weapon, the needle, and some stout thread.

What think you she did, gentle reader? Filling her lap, and resting on an old box, she strung up the rosy fruit, as she had seen good house-wives do in her summer rambles, and then—and then—shades of modesty defend us—she lifted up one of those mysterious affairs that our *spirituel* neighbors delicately term *jupes* (which our women so love to wear to the number of a dozen or so), and firmly sewed to it the string of apples. Delighted with her new style of *flounces*, she plied her needle with wondrous rapidity, and the love-apples diminished accordingly from the barrel.

By the time her *four* hours had elapsed (the full term for heinous offences in this Seminary), it was quite dark, the last unique *flounce* put on, and her thread used up.

A sharp voice called to her "Come up, retire at once to the dormitory, and beware again if you shamelessly attract the attention of gentlemen." As good luck would have it she stole to the long sleeping chamber unobserved, with dragging skirts, and rather too much *embonpoint* to be at all charming.

That night after the quartette of ancient virgins were asleep, there was a very considerable amount of *munching* going on in another part of the mansion, any quantity of laughing, with all sorts of school-girl exclamations, such as "Well now!" "I never!" "Isn't it nice?" "Would you dare?" &c., &c.

Apple-flounces were talked of the next day in whispering groups, but there were no *patterns* left.

The ancient maidens missed the fruit

about a fortnight after, and complained bitterly at the "sewing circle" and the tea-drinkings, of the depredations of the rascally rats in their cellar. They never once suspected that the brave young girl from the banks of the blue Ohio, whom they had so infamously consigned to a cold and gloomy cellar, had turned the rod of their wrath into wreaths of rosy apples, and wreathed any quantity of fun around the hearts of her young companions, after she had escaped from "durance vile."

Rosalie has left this mis-called "Seminary for young ladies," and returned to her home amid the Catawba vines. Her icy-hearted jailors will never learn the "true facts" concerning the rats, unless they come across this *true* sketch of "Dothe"-girl "Hall," and "Apple-flounces."

Mem.—We recommend any enterprising *modiste* who may read this, to design a new "flounce pattern" à la *pomme d'amour*. On a dark or black surface the red circlets would be charming, and would have a fine effect, particularly if enwreathed with viney tissues.

We generously offer this suggestion gratis, expecting only a "dress pattern" with the *pomme d'amour* flounce for our ———, whenever the "new novelty" shall come out of the *atelier* of some one of the fashionable "Lawsons" of this would-be Paris of the Occident.

BONA-VANCIO.

BONA-VANCIO, still and solemn,
Bona-Vancio, green and fair,
With a liberal hand has nature
Scattered gems of beauty there.

Where the paths so smooth and pleasant,
Open vistas soft and green,
And the sunlight dimmed by shadows,
Casts a soft and mellow sheen!

There the tall oaks bend their branches
O'er the flowery pathway spread,
Till they blend their leaves together,
Form a green arch overhead.

And the moss, that dark and sombre
Clings around the aged tree,
As though it would softly whisper,
Oh, my mother, cherish me!

Ah! the green palmettoes growing
O'er the graves so still and lone,
Oh! the south wind ever sighing
In a low and plaintive tone!

Ever blessing Bona-Vancio,
Ever still and ever fair;
With the mossed oak softly sighing
O'er the dreamless sleepers there

* See "Dotheboy Hall," in *Nicholas Nickleby*.